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Chasing the Cure :: in Colorado ::



Thomas Crawford Galbreath



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Chasing the Cure in Colorado

Being Some Account of the Author's
Experiences in Looking for Health in
the West, with a Few Observations
That Should be Helpful and Encour-
aging to the Tubercular Invalid, Who,
Either from Choice or from Necessity,
Remains in His Own Home to
"Chase the Cure"

By

THOMAS CRAWFORD GALBREATH

With an Introductory Word by
M. BATES STEPHENS
Maryland State Superintendent of Education

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"Now, do take warning by me. I am set up by a beneficent providence at the corner of the road, to warn you to flee from the hebetude that is to follow. . . . So remember to keep well; and remember rather anything than not to keep well; and again I say, *anything* rather than not to keep well."

"To travel hopefully is better than to arrive."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

M668758

A Prefatory Word

No apology will be made if any suggestion from me resulted in the preparation and publication of "Chasing the Cure in Colorado," a most interesting paper on the prevention of tuberculosis, prepared by my esteemed friend, Thomas C. Galbreath. Four years ago, while the writer was eagerly making preparation for a larger sphere of usefulness, and his many friends were awaiting his return from the historic walls of Harvard to his native state, it became evident that somehow and somewhere tubercle bacilli had fastened themselves upon him; and since that time we have been privileged to witness one of the gamest fights against the white plague which has yet been waged. We confidently hope that he will yet come off victor and return to Maryland to take up his chosen field of educational work—a work for which he is so admirably fitted by temperament and training.

A PREFATORY WORD.

I have been deeply interested in all that has been done to check the ravages of this dreadful disease which is responsible for one-ninth of all the deaths that occur.

We are educated more quickly by events than by argument. Here is the case of my dear friend kept away from that realm of thought and activity for which his education and training prepared him—these four years, because *he* became a tubercular invalid. When I think how he has been kept from soaring into those realms where his ambition leads him, how he has been prevented from joining in movements to uplift humanity and how he has been kept away from that profession which he could adorn, I realize, to some extent at least, what an enemy to society and the state is this white plague. An object lesson like this makes us halt and think. It dawns upon us that something must be done to prevent it from fastening its clutches upon our honest manhood and noble womanhood, and the conviction is growing every day that the energies of our people are well employed when devising efforts to prevent tuberculosis.

A PREFATORY WORD.

With a view of stimulating an interest in this subject, which was discussed in our county teachers' institutes a year before by representatives of the Maryland Tuberculosis Commission, it occurred to me it would be both interesting and instructive to our teachers to have Mr. Galbreath give his experience in dealing with this disease. He agreed to address five or six of our county institutes in the early part of last September, but before the time came he was advised not to take a trip East until later. After reading the address he wrote for that purpose, it seemed to me it had been prepared with so much care and contained so many hints looking to the prevention of consumption, I made the request that he publish it, and in that way make it possible to reach even more than could have been reached along the lines of the first or original plan.

The address is a strong plea for comfortable homes, fresh air, nourishing food and sanitary surroundings, as the best means to prevent lung trouble, as well as a forceful argument against the migration of the invalid from his own home.

A PREFATORY WORD.

The old but true saying, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is especially significant in regard to tuberculosis. We have gotten away from the belief that we inherit it, and this is a great step. Let us invoke our intelligence to devise means to prevent it; better still, let us employ the means which intelligence has already provided or suggested.

This pamphlet deserves a wide circulation. The subject is too important not to appeal seriously to every one, and the writer knows all too much about his theme not to be in a position to offer valuable hints pertaining to it. It has my unqualified approval, and I trust some arrangement can be made by school authorities to give it an extensive circulation among school teachers who are in a position to put into effect its timely suggestions.

M. BATES STEPHENS.



Chasing the Cure in Colorado

If one lose a jewel or a piece of money, he sets to work to find it within the area in which he feels reasonably certain it was lost. But if he lose that which is more precious than either jewel or money—his health—he must search for it at the sea-shore, across the water, in the mountains, on our western plains—anywhere, in fact, except in the place where he knows he lost it. So wrapped up are we in this idea, that if for any reason it is impossible for us to get away from the locality where the sickness came upon us, we are discouraged in our search, and, by that very discouragement, handicapped in our quest.

In certain cases, this idea of looking for health in the place where you didn't lose it, is a good one. But in other cases, and under certain conditions that I shall later dwell upon, it is wrong—all wrong. Such an idea is the

prevailing one in regard to the treatment for tuberculosis, born of the advice of the vast majority of medical men whose education was got in the days when consumptives were kept in closed rooms, dosed with codliver oil and imbued with the notion that only by a direct interposition of Providence could they hope to be cured. It is to his physician the average man looks for enlightenment upon matters of health; and, notwithstanding the fact that members of the Council on Medical Education at its annual meeting last April in Chicago, declared three-fourths of the graduates of our medical schools unfit to practice medicine, I believe it is the exception rather than the rule to find a doctor who fails to give good general advice to a tubercular patient. However, from many incidents that have come under my observation in the West, I am of the opinion that very few of them have reached the point where they can resist giving the old-time advice, "Go to Colorado, or to Asheville, or to Saranac." If, in my message to you tonight, I succeed in impressing upon you what my experience and study of the past four years have

brought me, it will be: first, that a consumptive *can* chase the cure in his own home; secondly, the fact that his chances of ultimate recovery, under ordinary conditions, are increased rather than diminished by the very condition of his being at home; and thirdly, that in this day of enlightenment upon the subject, there is no excuse for any one's contracting the disease, since it is preventable. That you may not question my sincerity when you recall that I am advising what I do not practice, I will at the very outset explain that I went to Colorado for my health on a doctor's advice, and that, after two years, being then in pretty fair condition, I consulted two specialists—one in Denver, the other in Baltimore—as to my continuing the search in the East. Their opinions, given independently, were both to the effect that, since I had lived so long in the dry climate and high altitude of the Rocky Mountain Plateau, such a change would very likely prove disastrous. I will say, too, I am thankful to the doctor who advised me to go West, as at that time, I knew absolutely nothing about the treatment I should follow, the magazines, newspapers, and

state boards of health not having so universally taken up the crusade against the white plague.

Coleridge tells of a certain German who had so much respect for himself that every time he used the first personal pronoun, he made a profound bow and lifted his hat. Were I to follow his example tonight, you would each go to your home with the idea of having witnessed an acrobatic performance rather than having listened to a lecture on a serious subject. For it was *I* who chased the cure which I am to tell you about. As the law of compensation seems to prevail, however, I am of the hope that the disadvantage of the conspicuous place I shall be forced to give myself will be more than offset by the increased interest you may therefore show in my story, and the greater respect you may thereby feel for my conclusions. In that hope I shall try to be not too self-conscious as I make reference after reference to myself.

It was just four years ago the eighteenth of this September that the doctor advised me to leave this part of the country and to give up

my studies and old habits of life for a little while. "You need a complete change," he said. In answer to my question as to where he thought I should go, he replied as indifferently as he could, "O, Colorado, or some place in the great West." Then I realized for the first time that the dread disease which I had never seriously associated with myself, had taken hold on *me*. It seemed impossible that it could be so. To myself I kept repeating my own name, associating with it the thought of consumption, but not naming it. So hard was it for me to grasp the idea of *my* being a tubercular invalid, that every little while during my first two years in Colorado, I would suddenly be aroused from some reverie by the insistent thought, "It can't be true; I am not I—the same who, only a few months ago was editing a paper or playing tennis in the little town of Bel Air." Then my mind would run swiftly over the events of the year before—studying in Harvard, tramping the three miles from Cambridge to Boston, attending the athletic games, playing on one of the Leiter cup baseball teams, working in the gym-

nasium three or four hours per week, or giving my opponents a hard fight on the handball court. And now, as I thought on this helpless, emaciated person, sitting day after day in a reclining chair, unable to do so little as to walk a short city block without utter exhaustion and high fever, I would say again, "It can't—it *can't* be true." Then, all my past would unfold before me—three years of the miscellaneous duties which fell to my lot as superintendent of the Harford County (Maryland) schools, ranging all the way from conducting a teachers' institute of five days to auditing and paying a bill for repairs to a rusty stove; two years as principal of the preparatory department at my old college, when I also acted as athletic instructor and coach of the football team; two years as teacher in a one-room country school, when, as an outside diversion, I pitched on a baseball team; four years as a college student when I engaged in all those outside amusements that every healthy boy should enjoy, playing a good part of the time on both the baseball and the football teams; and finally—finally in retrospection but first in

actual experience—fifteen years of vigorous, hearty boyhood and babyhood spent on a farm and under the influence of a home with as wholesome associations as ever fell to the lot of any child. Is it strange then, that with the memory of such a past—a past in which I had led a healthy existence under most healthful surroundings, giving heed to the rules of exercise and the laws of hygiene—is it strange that I in my new condition of helpless invalidism, should involuntarily exclaim, “It *can’t* be true—it *can’t* be *true?*”

To mortal eye, the logic of events is as yet undiscernible. Two men sow their seed in adjoining fields at the same time under similar conditions, giving it as nearly as possible the same attention; one harvests a rich crop, the other a poor one. Or, it may be, one is neglectful, failing to prepare well the ground, and giving but poor attention after the seed is sown, while the other has shown care in every move from seedtime to harvest. Yet the indifferent one reaps bountifully, the other but poorly. At one time an Augustinian religion accounted for all this by attributing it to a per-

sonal God, who, for reasons we might never know, hurled one stroke of lightning here, another there, picked up the waters of the ocean to spill in torrents on wicked cities, sent plagues and pestilences wherever and whenever by a mere word he so directed, and caused destructive earthquakes and volcanoes according to a wisdom it was sacrilegious for us to try to fathom. To acquiesce in such a religion would be to sit with folded hands and unseeing eyes, mistaking our ignorance for the will of God, deeming any attempt at explanation as out of harmony with the teachings of the Christ who said, "Thy will be done."

In my own case, I shall probably never come to any very satisfactory conclusion as to just why I was taken down with tuberculosis. As far as I may ever get is likely embraced in the explanation that for twelve years I had been working somewhat harder than I should have done, consuming so much vitality that when a malarial fever germ set to work on me in August, four years ago, the white corpuscles of my blood were not able to destroy him. I gradually lost all power of resistance, and, in

this condition, I was most susceptible to any disease. Then there found lodgment in my lung, the tubercle bacilli. In my weakened state, they got in their deadly work so rapidly that before a second physician was called in who told me the true nature of my disease, I had lost over twenty pounds and was unable to leave my bed. Such an explanation as this, leaves, I know, a very great deal to be explained, which, until both medical science and the laws of psychology are better understood, will continue to remain a mystery. But I am of the faith that intelligent and persistent man in his attempts to solve the unchanging laws of God—laws that in the mathematical world have already become so well understood that the time of an eclipse hundreds of years hence can be figured out to the fraction of a second; laws that in the medical world have almost entirely wiped out the yellow fever plague from our seaboard cities, mitigated the horrors of smallpox and conquered to a great extent the ravages of diphtheria—I say I am of the faith that man in his efforts to understand himself and his relation to his environ-

ment, will so far succeed as to know why *one* person, apparently in good health, succumbs to a given disease, while *another*, seemingly with much less power of resistance, throws it off.

In our present state of half-formed knowledge, all we can do is to look at the fact of its being true, and learn therefrom the lesson of precaution. This means that while you of strong and well bodies have the advantage over your weaker brother, yet you are not immune, and the subject of preventing and curing tuberculosis should be of vital interest to you as well as to the sickly one. The cold, unrelenting fact gathered from statistics is, that at the present rate, one death out of every nine in the United States is caused by consumption. The nineteenth century was one of many terrible wars, the battle-field death-roll aggregating the awful sum of fourteen million souls. Yet while this terrible slaughter was going on, in the very same countries *thirty* million people died from consumption —two and one-seventh times as many as were killed on the field of battle. When a case of

scarlet fever or diphtheria breaks out in the neighborhood, we close our schools and quarantine the patient. Yet the number of deaths from tubercular trouble in this country is equal to the combined mortality from scarlet fever, diphtheria, smallpox, cancer, typhoid fever, grippe and appendicitis. Between the ages of twenty and fifty, one death in every four is caused by this same white plague. I am glad to say that in an audience such as I have before me tonight, this average does not strictly apply, as these figures are gathered from our whole nation in which the city population and the negro element have much to do with such an astounding proportion. Nevertheless, you will hardly accuse me of either stretching the truth or striving after sensationalism when I make the statement that, unless you profit by the education that is now going on toward the *prevention* of the disease, there isn't a family represented in this gathering but can reasonably expect within the next two generations to sacrifice at least one victim to the white scourge.

It was only five days after I learned the true nature of the sickness which had taken hold on me, that, accompanied by my mother, I set out for the land that was to bring me health. To bring me health! Yes, there was no doubt about it. No matter how much I suffered from the thought that the bottom had dropped out of all my former years of planning, I never for one moment doubted that I was to be well—and that within a few months. What magic there was in that name—Colorado! To my mind it was truly Eldorado. Ponce de Leon, himself, in his belief that he had found the fountain of perpetual youth, was no more certain than was I that in Colorado I should soon find renewed health. Three months—the period first set by my doctor—seemed a long time to wait, but knowing I should be completely cured by that time, I managed to content myself. For some reason I wasn't a cure when that time had elapsed, but being considerably improved, I submitted hopefully to the doctor's suggestion that two or three months more would bring me round all right. I did become much stronger, exer-

cising some little every day under the doctor's advice and encouragement. The result of such exercise was that before six months were up I frequently carried an afternoon temperature of a hundred and one degrees—sometimes more—and was in worse condition than when I first arrived in Denver. It was then I consulted a second physician, who, on giving me a thorough examination, pronounced my condition as still hopeful, but serious, and advised me to give up every form of exercise. "Sit down," he said, "from morning till night and don't move a muscle unless you are compelled to. Force yourself to eat plenty of nourishing food—rare meats, milk, if it agrees with you, raw eggs—keep in the open air and don't worry. You are to work your own cure. I can't do anything for you unless a complication of some sort sets in—indigestion, bad cold, pleurisy, hemorrhage. Otherwise, you don't need to come to see me again for two or three months. *So sit down.*"

Under this advice I began truly to chase the cure. Heretofore I had been visiting my doctor twice a week, undergoing the excitement

incident to such visits, walking a mile a day, sometimes two miles, and forcing myself in many ways to do the very things I was now advised against doing. For a year I *sat down*, and was rewarded after the first three months or so by a decrease in temperature, indicating that I was finding what I had come after. At the end of ten months, all my fever had gone, and when the year was up I began taking daily walks, commencing with a half block and slowly increasing the distance as my strength would permit. After another six months (completing my second year in Colorado), an examination disclosed no further involvement, there being no signs of moisture, and scars having formed over the affected parts. Then I came East for a little visit, at which time I consulted Doctor Thayer of the Johns Hopkins in regard to my staying in this part of the country, with what result you already know. The next nine months I spent in my old quarters, four miles from the heart of Denver, following the approved methods of doing but little, eating as heartily of nourishing food as I could, and living out of doors.

I would improve for a time in strength, then a cold or an attack of pleurisy, and, in the summer, hay-fever, would set me back. But, on the whole, I showed considerable improvement. Becoming restless of this slow process and thinking a complete change under favorable climatic conditions might hasten my cure, in July of last year (1906) I went on the Fort Hall Indian Reservation in the highlands of south-eastern Idaho, to spend the summer with an old college friend who was looking for health from the same trouble as I. Taking an Indian with us to do the heavy work, we camped high up the mountain-side where we might breathe the air of the fir and the pine. If for us there were any efficacy in getting close to nature, we would there find it, for the nearest habitation of human being was an Indian camp seven miles below, while the nearest white man lived more than twenty miles away. A cold, rainy spell set in, proper food was hard to get, the Indian became restless, so after a month we broke camp and returned to the Agency headquarters—not, however, before I had contracted a throat trouble

which stayed with me over six months. During my other three months among the Indians, I fished a little in the tributaries of the Snake River, went gunning for ducks or hunting for grouse, and rode horseback. I thought, from every indication, I was getting into good shape to take up some regular employment in the fall. But I suddenly went to pieces, and when my Denver doctor examined me in November, he pronounced me a backslider and again advised me to sit down, the which I've been doing off and on ever since.

The attitudes of mind through which some long-time consumptives proceed, are portrayed by Beatrice Harraden in her *Ships that Pass in the Night*, when she makes the Disagreeable Man say to a new invalid just arrived at the sanitarium: "Why make a fuss? Things arrange themselves, and eventually we adjust ourselves to the new arrangement. A great deal of caring and grieving, phase one; still more caring and grieving, phase two; less caring and grieving, phase three; no further feeling whatsoever, phase four." She rightly called him the Disagreeable Man. But how

many of us, I wonder, under similar conditions would not become disagreeable men and accept this philosophy through sheer cowardice—the cowardice that shuns caring about what comes when we know that the more we allow ourselves to care, the greater will be our disappointment at its non-realization.

Colorado is most glad to welcome the contents of the purse the invalid brings with him, but she would greatly prefer that the invalid should not accompany the purse. Because of the prevalency of consumption, the heart of the average Denverite has become hardened toward the tubercular patient ("lungers" they are everywhere called), and human sympathy is conspicuously absent. I have never seen any statistics on the subject, but from my observation I am of the opinion that if every resident who had come to Denver for his own health or for the health of some member of his family, were removed, the city would lose easily one-half its population. Can it be that, as in the electrical world, like repels like, so in the world of humanity one who has recovered from an affliction would therefore

prefer to have nothing to do with an unfortunate in a similar condition? The nearest I can come to any reason for such an attitude of inhospitality toward the consumptive is that a good many of them are careless in their habits, thereby rendering themselves both disgusting and dangerous to those about them. That such an attitude prevails, however, is attested by many facts, the first of which came to me within fifteen hours after my arrival. It was the following morning, and my mother had left the boarding-house for the purpose of getting our trunks from the station. The landlady came into the room and told me I must get out, as her boarders objected to my being there. When, on my mother's return, I told her of the interview, the fact of our being outcasts did not worry her half so much as the thought of the woman's inconsiderateness in breaking the news to me and in such an unfeeling manner. All that afternoon my mother's heart grew heavier and heavier, as, ringing door-bell after door-bell, she was informed that no invalids could be accommodated. It was with a cheerful face, how-

ever, that on her return at supper-time, she related to me the story of her fruitless search. As the next day was Sunday, she rested from her labors; but on Monday morning she was out again, only to return at noon with the same unsatisfactory and non-cheering report. When she came back from her afternoon search, it was a look of triumph that she wore. So the next morning we said good-bye to boarding-house number one. Perhaps I should here mention, apropos of my assertion concerning the Denverite's fondness for your purse rather than your person, that my first landlord visited me as I lay in bed that Monday afternoon, and, after an acquaintance of fifteen minutes, wondered if I could oblige him by lending him ten dollars.

I shall not tire you by relating my experiences at my seven boarding-houses, five of which I had tried in my first ten months and found wanting—or rather not wanting me. The most aggravated case of inhumanity and unnatural feeling I ever witnessed was found in one of them which was being run by a young lady from New York City, who, seven years

before, had been forced to leave her home and come West for her health. She was not well, but she had determined on trying to make her own way by running a boarding-house. She had started on her undertaking, when her mother came to her from their old home. Then trouble began, and every morning as we sat on the front porch, we could hear the shrill tones of the old lady quarreling over some trivial affair, usually ending with an accusation against the daughter of having disgraced the family by getting consumption. You can, perhaps, imagine what consideration an outsider would get from such a termagant as that.

As an illustration of the subterfuges to which some of the landladies resort in order to get ahead of the prejudices of their boarders against invalids, the following came to me in boarding-house number two. As I entered the dining-room for the first time, I was introduced by the lady to the assembled boarders as the gentleman whom she had told them about—the one who had come to Denver for *rheumatism*. I was completely taken by sur-

prise, but upon reflecting that I was on crutches and that rheumatism wasn't tabooed in that country as a disease, I saw the point, and respected the sagacity of that woman rather than her veracity. It was surprising the number of diseases I found represented in that house. But it was more surprising that everyone coughed—dyspeptics, rheumatics, nervous wrecks, heart patients, kidney patients, ear patients, Keely cure patients—all coughed. For fear of being detected as a consumptive, no one exercised any of the simplest sanitary precautions, so I voluntarily left that hotbed of disease, giving the landlady ten days' notice, and getting in return quarter portions of food at the table and no change of linen in our rooms.

A friend of mine who had been required in December to leave his home and all his friends, arrived in a little town famous in the West as a health resort, three days before Christmas. In reply to an "ad" in a local paper, he presented himself at a house where room and board might be secured. He was favorably impressed on being met at the door by the lady

of the house, an elderly woman wearing a badge that showed her to be a member of one of the biggest church auxiliary organizations in the country. He took her to be a mother (afterward finding that she was), she evidently professed to believe in Him who had said something about feeding His lambs and giving a cup of cold water. And here it was the Christmas season, time of good-will toward men. But she couldn't accommodate him. Yes, she had a vacant room and she would be glad to talk to him after Christmas. Finally she agreed to take him, provided he would absent himself from the Christmas dinner, as she was going to have several friends present at that meal. In the last four years I have seen a good deal of this sort of cant that wears a badge and parades itself under the name of Christianity. And my respect has increased a hundredfold for the man who uses occasionally the kind of speech that a printer puts in dashes, but who gives his fellowman a lift whenever he can.

In the business world, the consumptive isn't wanted except as he buys and gives cash in

return. Want "ads" for help frequently specify, "No invalids need apply." Not only is living costly—dying is expensive. Because you take the liberty of shuffling off this mortal coil in a boarding-house, the landlord can, according to the law, collect twenty-five dollars for giving you that privilege. Some years ago there was introduced on the floor of the legislature, a bill requiring every "lunger" to wear a bell round his neck. I don't know why it failed of passage—for the reason, perhaps, that the clatter would be so great, the street-car gongs and automobile honks could not be heard above the din.

The physicians of Denver are divided into two classes as regards their attitude toward the immigrating invalid—those who rejoice in his coming and glory in his condition as long as his money holds out; and the other class, composed of conscientious and able men, who, sympathizing with him, advise him in his own interest as to what course he should follow, and assist him in his efforts at keeping down expenses. It was through such a physician I was finally

directed to a good boarding-house, which, as he prophesied at the time, has been the greatest factor in my improved condition. But the city is full of quacks and quackery, and I have seen cases where, within a space of two months, they have done such damage to a promising patient at an extravagant cost of two hundred dollars, as made his ultimate recovery impossible. If you know of any one who is thinking of going West for his health, give him this piece of good advice; tell him not to put himself in the hands of a physician until he *knows* him to be a reliable one. Apropos of the exorbitant charges that are made, the story is told of a consumptive who lay dying in one of the famous sanitariums. His last request was that his physician should stand at one side of his bed and the manager of the institution at the other. This had been carried out. "Now," he whispered, "I can die happy—like Christ, between two thieves."

From the fact of my dwelling upon these disagreeable conditions, I would not have you conclude that either I am a pessimist and therefore blind to the brighter side of life in

Denver, or that Denver is altogether inhospitable and uninhabitable to the consumptive. Neither is true. But the business interests of the city have seen to it that all the beautiful features should be so magnified and advertised throughout the East, that I feel it a duty to lay before you some of the unpleasant facts which are pretty sure to greet the invalid on his arrival. For eight months, the period when my mind and body were both most susceptible to treatment, I was bumping up against just such unpleasant and unhealthful conditions. And, since the result of the first half year or so usually determines whether a person is ultimately to get well or not, it is especially important that this period be spent under the most favorable conditions.

Denver *has* an extraordinary climate. The truth about it is good enough without resorting to such exaggerations as the boosters continually indulge in. From June until the following February there isn't sufficient ground for any difference of opinion on the weather to enable even the cavilling, five-cent, red-let-

tered newspapers of the city to get into a dispute. Through summer, fall and winter, as a rule, the air is dry, the sun shines, the days, though hot sometimes, are not oppressive, and when night comes, one lies down to refreshing sleep in an atmosphere so cool that a light blanket is always needed. The mile-high altitude, in combination with the lack of humidity in the air, serves as a tonic, invigorating the newcomer to a too strenuous activity. Far away through the clear air you look to the range of Rockies at the west, your vision easily carrying a hundred miles in every direction. Distances are thus rendered so deceptive that a forty-mile stretch across the country, uninterrupted by forests or abrupt hills, appears to be but three or four. The new arrival expresses surprise at this, and invariably, I believe, he is told the story of a tenderfoot, who, the morning after he had reached Denver, arose an hour before breakfast, and, having in him the longing to run a race, looked across to the foot-hills and remarked that he thought he would take a little walk. Now, the foot-hills, although they look less than two miles

away, are, in fact, fifteen. The young man sauntered slowly along. Some minutes passed—a quarter of an hour. It was a matter of some little surprise that the hills didn't seem any nearer than when he had started, but still they were only a little way beyond. Twenty minutes grew to a half hour; the half hour lengthened to forty-five minutes, and still he hadn't reached the hills. He was plucky, was this young man. At all events, it *couldn't* be much farther. Soon the hour was up. No use returning now—breakfast would be over anyway. He became desperate, and in his desperation vowed he would reach those mysterious hills if it took till sun-down. Then he came to an irrigating ditch, three feet or so across, through which the water was swiftly flowing to a near-by ranch. Here he halted from his desperate speed, glanced carefully across to the other side. Suddenly he took off his hat, throwing it to the ground—then his shoes, his coat, his collar. As he emerged from his shirt, an astonished ranchman halted and greeted him with :

"Good mornin,' pardner. Sort o' out o' the way place to be takin' a bath, ain't it?"

The young man was in no humor for trifling. "You 'tend to your business an' I'll 'tend to mine."

"Whew!" ejaculated the stranger. "No harm meant."

"Well, then," condescended the tenderfoot, "I'll tell you. I'm on my way to them hills, an' I'm obliged to swim this river. O, I know it don't *look* more'n a couple o' feet across, but appearances are deceitful in this country, an' I ain't a goin' to be fooled again." And with that the ranchman left him still making preparations for his swim across the three-foot ditch.

The *spring-time* is glorious in Denver only as one's imagination makes it so. Snow and rain and hail and wind take out their license then, and we accept good weather in a spirit of thankfulness. The most disagreeable feature—and it comes at almost any season—is the terrific wind-storm, that, carrying dust and weeds and paper before it, so fills the air with debris that sometimes for hours it is im-

possible to see farther than a block in any direction. The house-wives soak newspapers, laying them along the window-sills and door-cracks. Even then, the fine dust works its way into the house, depositing itself everywhere, even in the bureau-drawers.

The other advantages, in addition to climate, that a health-seeker finds in Colorado and the West, are a change of scenery and the education that comes from associating with others in the same business with himself. There is no doubt that a change in surroundings—provided it is not bought at too great cost—has a good mind-effect upon any one. And a man learns the business of chasing the cure in much the same way he learns other things—by watching others do it. These benefits are not to be set aside as of little consequence. They are very real. Could they be secured without consequent disadvantages, in every case it would be wise for the invalid to leave his home in search of them. But you must consider well all I have said about the conditions which the stranger-invalid will face, and the ill effects of an intense longing for the old home

and the old associations. If his money has come hard, there is concern over its not holding out. The high altitude tends to heart trouble and nervousness; and, while association with others following the right treatment is helpful, there is the heart-sickness and discouragement that comes from seeing a companion slowly decline until he becomes hopeless. A telegram is sent East. In a few days a relative comes—and then the black wagon. The eastern physician who knows that his patient has a spirit to reckon with as well as a body, should take these things more into account before he says, "Go West."

But, if I have given you some good reasons for not rushing the sick one off to Colorado, I can give you a better reason for keeping him at home—and that is, under average conditions he stands a better chance there of getting well if he will follow the same treatment pursued in the resort countries. While only a few years ago climate was placed first in importance in working the cure from tuberculosis, it now, according to the best authorities, stands fourth. The first two considerations are fresh air and

plenty of nourishing food. Ranking third is absolute rest until the patient is well beyond the fever stage, after which comes climate. A hopeful spirit and a mind free from care are the other conditions. You can easily see that the majority of these things can be secured at less cost and under more agreeable conditions in one's own home community. I am reliably informed by a Yale student that Professor Fisher of that institution, on contracting tuberculosis, preferred to remain in New Haven, building a tent and following the approved course as to fresh air and diet, until he became a well man. I know of a case in which the patient—a young man—after spending six months in California and Colorado, and growing gradually worse, was advised by two specialists that his condition was hopeless and that he might as well return to his own home in northwest Pennsylvania to be with his people. He was so weak that an attendant had to accompany him on the trip. However, under the changed conditions, he immediately began to improve, and after six months, the last time I heard from him, his cough had left

him, and his gain of thirty pounds in weight encouraged him to believe he would soon be entirely well.

The one thing that is secured at an advantage in Colorado is the air. There the pleasant weather invites you to be out of doors rather than shut yourself up in a closed room. However, because the thermometer *does* drop below zero at times, because it *does* snow sometimes as early as October, and because it *does* rain, snow, hail and blow frequently during the spring months, one must there make the same preparation for the weather that you of this climate would have to make. It is not unusual to see an invalid sitting on a covered porch, overcoated, furred and blanketed, with hot bricks or a hot water-bag at his feet, while snow is swirling and drifting over him, and the thermometer not far above zero. At night, he sleeps on a porch, in a tent, or in a room with every window open; and when he reaches for the glass of water by his side, he is frequently denied the drink he wants, because it is frozen hard. Last fall my obliging landlady permitted me to build a ten-by-ten

room in one corner of an old, unused stable in the back yard. Over the open cracks between the gaping boards, I nailed strips, and the inside I lined, first, with several thicknesses of newspapers, and then with heavy building-paper. The hanging on hinges of the two large windows permits of the entire window-space being opened to admit air. Everything is thrown open, but in case a storm comes up during the night, a pulley arrangement enables me to close the windows without leaving my bed. It is never necessary to shut the two doors to keep out the snow and rain, since they are cut within the original stable which thus serves as a storm-shield. An arrangement of this kind, a tent or a sheltered porch, provides as satisfactory a chasing outfit in this part of the country as in Colorado. The one thing to be particularly guarded against is dressing or undressing in the cold—in fact, one should never allow himself to feel cold. In winter, the dressing-room should be closed and warmed before the patient leaves his bed. This is done in the sanitariums, but in my long experience

with boarding-houses I never found anything of the sort until I came to my present quarters, where the landlady is both knowing and considerate.

It is, after all, through precautions taken in the home that this disease is finally to be wiped out. Sanitariums, hospitals, tent colonies, can do no more than cure and educate—it is *in the home* that intelligence must be exercised in the way of providing fresh air, nourishing food and clean sanitary surroundings, and discouraging that tendency to excess, which, either in the form of over-work or over-indulgence in less excusable things, is so frequently responsible for the condition that develops into consumption. Intelligence directed toward the accomplishment of these ends *in the home*, will, I believe, in a very few generations, make tuberculosis as infrequent a disease as is yellow fever. Medical aids may be introduced—at present the principle of vaccination through the opsonic treatment is holding out some hope—but everything is as yet in the experimental stage. It is due simply to the care exercised along these lines, and to the city's

making it possible for the poor to take advantage of the knowledge so far gained, that in New York the death-rate from consumption has fallen forty per cent in fifteen years. And in Boston even a better record has been made—a fifty per cent decrease in seventeen years. Drugs and specifics, patent medicines, X-ray and inhalation treatments, lymphs and serums—some have proved themselves positively harmful, while not one has accomplished sufficient results to give us any faith in it. As illustrative of this fact—and of the further fact that medicines are often given credit for working the cure that Nature makes—I must yield to the temptation to tell a true story, although perhaps a somewhat indelicate one. A young Chinaman, apparently in the last stages of consumption, consulted a medical man in Shanghai who advised him as to the proper course to pursue. Not seeing anything of the invalid for two years, the doctor supposed he was dead. One day, however, the two met on the street, the Chinaman apparently well. He explained to the doctor that he had been cured by the prescription of a Chinese doctor, as fol-

lows: large daily doses of a broth made by boiling the entrails of a freshly killed chicken in a sock taken directly off the foot.

If I were making an appeal to the patriotic man of wealth who was sincerely striving to find that form of philanthropy in which he should engage in order to get the biggest monetary returns, I would dwell upon the fact that tuberculosis disables from one-fourth to one-third of our population at its productive age—between the ages of fifteen and forty-five—making its victims economic hindrances instead of uplifts in the social order. I would emphasize the further fact that the annual commercial loss to the nation, as computed by eminent experts, is three hundred and thirty million dollars, approximately the same that occurred in San Francisco through fire and earthquake—a disaster so great that the whole world took notice and responded generously. And I would show how a great proportion of this loss could be averted. It is possible, however, for only a few of us to do the big things the philanthropists could do. But to every one of us it is possible, and should be felt as an ob-

ligation, that we do our part toward making our home a *preventitarium*. *The disease can be prevented.* Even the theory that it is inherited has been abandoned. A case that comes to mind illustrates both these facts. Ten years ago, a friend of mine who was engaged in teaching, on applying for life insurance in one of the big New York companies, was refused on the ground of his family history. Both of his parents and his only brother had died of consumption, and he himself was far from strong. On being refused by a second company he seriously contemplated abandoning teaching for some work in the open air. He did not take this step, however, but instead, conscientiously practised all the hygienic preventives possible. When not in the class-room, he was out of doors, sometimes studying, sometimes taking light and systematic exercise. He was careful, but not cranky, of his diet. When night came, the four windows in his room were kept open. Now he is in his fortieth year, well past the most dangerous periods, and his health is good. From all appearances he was as cer-

tain a candidate for the disease as I ever knew. But, in spite of such a predisposition to it, he has, in a sedentary occupation, practised the prevention that is worth more than all the cures.

The astounding figure I have named as representing the annual commercial loss to the nation through the white plague, seldom makes much impression outside of impersonal bodies such as city councils and state legislatures. However much in our moments of pessimism we are prone to cry out that this is a commercial age, and that money is king, it is to our own credit as well as to that of the human race at large that in our saner moments we are forced to acknowledge our mistake and to agree to the old, old truth—'tis love that makes the world go round. A third of a billion dollars lost annually! You will *remember* that perhaps. But you *act*—promptly and with all the means at your command—when the unwelcome guest invades your home and strikes down one dear to you. If, when the fight is done, you are financially able, you then help on in the crusade by building a cottage at

some resort, donating a tent to some colony, contributing funds to some sanitarium. No economic loss appeals to you to move you from your beaten path, but when you see a loved one's cheek take to itself the unnatural tint of hectic flush, your heart and hand go out in generous help. The Rockefeller millions flow freely toward educational needs, while Henry Phipps in the East and Lawrence Phipps in the West, through sanitariums, medical institutes and improved tenement buildings, direct their great wealth toward the extermination of tuberculosis. This difference in the direction of their philanthropy can all be attributed, no doubt, to the fact that the tubercle bacillus visited the home of the Phipps, but has never yet brought sorrow to the Rockefellers.

And these figures do not take into account the greater loss, that which affects society through the adversities that consumption works to the individual—the disappointed hopes, the unfulfilled and even untried ambitions, the apparent uselessness of all the years of previous sacrifice and preparation, the long-

time deprivation of those daily pleasures which others all about him are enjoying, the torture to a sensitive soul of the pharisaic attitude of so many who "pass by on the other side," the anguish of mind as he realizes the suffering and disappointment he is causing others, the indifference or even cynicism he so frequently comes to feel toward the things that should really count in life, the degeneracy of the finer instincts that often follows the drawn-out fight, the embitterment of heart toward our social institutions that permit a matter of mere money to determine the question between a life of health and a useless existence of a few years—the fewer the better, he feels. These are some of the items that must be charged to the white plague, many of them pertaining most closely to every victim. As to whether or not so severe and protracted a chastening develops any new beauties of character, I am inclined to believe with Thackeray that we—that is, our real selves—alter very little, and "Circumstance only brings out the latent defect or quality" instead of creating it. Heroes there are in plenty in the great army

of consumptive fighters, but they would have been heroes anywhere. John Paul Jones was as much the hero fighting the white plague through the years preceding his death as he had been when he lashed his vessel to the *Se-rapis*. But heroism was easier when the cannon boomed about him, and, in the excitement of victory, he forgot all danger—easier than when, alone, he fought the invisible foe that was eating his life away. To live is sometimes harder than to die.

“One dared to die. In a swift moment’s
space,

Fell in war’s forefront, laughter on his face.
Bronze tells his fame in many a market-place.

“Another dared to live. The long years
through

Felt his slow heart’s blood ooze like crimson
dew,
For duty’s sake, and smiled. And no one
knew.”

But, the greatest heroes, as in war, are
those who remain at home and wait the issue.

They sacrifice, and wait. They hope, inspire with hope, and still wait. From afar they see the warrior in the fight, and their dire imaginings behold the enemy far more cruel than he is in fact. In every loved one's heart is built a shrine where hourly sacrifice is made. No act is done without some thought of him, no prayer but petitions his return in health. The months grow into years, yet still they wait, and hope, inspire with hope—and wait.

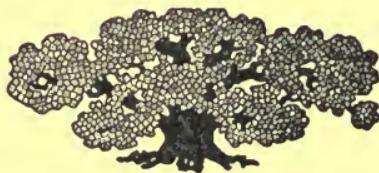
Yes, the heroes are the ones who stay behind. The tiny sister writes and puts her note beside the chimney-piece: "Dear Santa Claus, If you don't mind, I'd rather have the money than the doll I asked you for last week. I can send the money to my brother Jack, who's sick, and that'll make us both so happy." His sister Mary who had always hoped to take a college course, sends him word the day she graduates from the high-school that she had long ago changed her mind and was now so glad to take a half-year course in stenography. She thinks it will be such fun to make those wriggly marks and then decipher them. But she didn't say how many

nights she had cried herself to sleep as she realized that she *must* give up her most cherished hope in order to let him fight his fight. His brothers make and save and sacrifice—for him. His father writes that the old barn still will do—the barn that was condemned five years ago and would have been replaced with money he has spent in search of health. Could he but see the records in the courthouse, he would find the highest proof a father's love could give—the old farm mortgaged to half its worth—for him.

And over all a mother's heroism casts its halo. The occasional pleasures of former years are now foregone that every little coin may be saved *for him*. The arduous duties that, in years gone by, the hired help had done, must now be borne alone. Far into the night she labors, remaking clothes the older ones have outgrown. Week in, week out, she toils, buoyed up by hope. When Sunday comes, she hangs upon the preacher's words, "He chasteneth whom He loves," "Whate'er ye ask, believing, that ye shall receive." "O God!" she cries, "I do believe; help Thou mine

unbelief!" The service done, she walks among the crowd, a living hope, a prayer yet unfulfilled.

These are but a few of the acts of heroism consumption creates in almost every community in our land. But, since it does not create the heroes, the cost is too great. It is for each one of you to help stop the payment of such a price. Live the life of prevention, and within a few generations, the white plague will have ceased collecting its awful tax.



Addendum

In going to press for the third edition, it has seemed wise to seize the opportunity of adding several pages by way of reply to a number of letters that have come from interested readers of my booklet in all sections of the Middle West and East. It is not with a sense of unmixed pleasure I have read these evidences of appreciation of my message; for, behind each note, I felt the presence of the writer's loved one whose illness accounted for the personal interest my words of hope inspired.

The request, often accompanying such letters, that I give some detailed information as to what the sick one should do toward finding health in his own home, could not, for obvious reasons, be fully complied with. Even now I can not be so specific as many would like. Some of the advice that I here give can be secured, doubtless, through circulars issued by the board of health of the

reader's own state. And much that I can't give can be secured only through a specialist on tuberculosis. Nothing that I can say will make a physician any the less imperative. The best one you can get is never too good.

The patient cannot too soon come to understand that getting well is now his *business*. Nothing else, where it is at all possible, must be allowed to interfere with it. One correspondent writes that two months ago a doctor told her she had an incipient case of tuberculosis. Her people know nothing of it, and she hates to tell them, thinking she may become well without their having learned of her condition. She is unjust both to herself and to her people. She is undoubtedly a menace to all who live in the house with her, as her attempts to keep them in ignorance make it impossible for her to exercise such care as is absolutely necessary for their safety. And, besides being in continual danger of reinfecting herself, her attitude makes it impossible for her to observe such habits of life as would, in all probability, restore her to complete health within a limited time. Work, play,

society—everything that calls upon the system for an expenditure of the vitality which is necessary for the successful fighting of the disease should be foregone.

This means that, for some time, you (the patient) may be compelled to sit quietly in a comfortable chair and watch the world speed by. There are two ways of doing this. You may grumble at your fate, and so color everything about you with discontent. On the other hand, you may bend your seeming misfortune into a welcome opportunity to gather up the loose ends of a hitherto too busy life. There are many books you have always wanted to find the time to read; now you can "gloriously forget" yourself and "plunge soul-forward, headlong" into the very choicest bits of literature preserved unto this very hour for *you*. You have wished you might pursue with some system a course of study along a certain line. Now, if you do not care to enroll in a correspondence school, you can independently follow, with much profit, a plan of reading as laid down by some encyclopaedia. As, day after day, you watch the plant and animal

life about you, they take on a new interest and you find yourself absorbed every little while in gaining at first hand that information which one usually gets—if he gets it at all—only through books. Night after night you see the constellations take their places in the heavens. Perhaps you never studied astronomy, but you soon learn to differentiate the moving stars from those that never change their relative positions. After perhaps a month has gone by, you have observed the fact that new stellar bodies are coming into the eastern horizon while your old friends have disappeared in the west. You soon come to feel a close comradeship with the northern stars that never desert you. And, that you may have a speaking acquaintance, you get a book on astronomy from some library, when a vast realm of new thought is opened to you.

There are many other things. You may sew a little—try out your talent at drawing. If you have a faculty for invention, you can, for your own amusement at least, devise some little plans for making easier the drudgery about the house. These things I suggest as

only incidentals. The principal thing is that you do not allow yourself to dwell on your own condition. However, you must conduct your manner of living as though you thought of nothing else.

During the day you live in God's out-of-doors. As nearly as possible you must continue this at night. If you can do no better, you will have to sleep in the house with the windows of your room thrown open. I cannot here enumerate the reasons why it would be better, however, to build a separate shack in the yard. Make it about eight feet by ten, lengthwise to the south, in which side you build a door and a window. Build another door, or large window, in the west, another in the east. In a damp climate, I would build a weather-tight shell around this shack, about four feet longer each way, setting both buildings on posts eighteen inches above the ground. The bottom parts of the east, south and west sides of the outer building, I would hang on hinges in order that they might be thrown open on clear days. Hang the windows on hinges, and arrange a pulley device

so that in case of storm any opening may be closed without your leaving your bed. It must be possible easily to heat the shack at morning and at night. Perhaps, to this end, it will be necessary to line it with heavy paper. Before rising in the morning and going to bed at night, the building should be thoroughly warmed and dried. A hot-water bottle or heated bricks should be placed in the bed several hours before you retire. On removing your clothes at night, place them on a coat-hanger suspended from the ceiling directly over the stove. By placing the bed along the north side of the shack, you will avoid a direct draft sweeping over you. If not accustomed to fresh air, you may find it necessary in the beginning to go gradually as to open windows and the out-of-door life. Soon, however, you will find yourself delighting in what has become a necessity, and you would not change your close-to-nature quarters for a luxuriously furnished apartment.

In your conversation, it is best to dwell on other things than yourself and your own condition. The most of us are so constructed that

we aggravate our egotism and our sympathies for ourselves when we hear our own condition under discussion. There might be some excuse for a person's being sorry for himself if there were not so very many other people—good people—in the world who will relieve him of that burden by being sorry for him. The best tonic for a heavy heart is a cheerful tongue. At first you may not believe yourself, but if you persevere in the deception, soon you will come to agree that you *are* happy.

“Talk happiness: the world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough.
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and pain.

“Talk health: the dreary, never-changing tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest, or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them
true.”

Before this disease came upon you, you professed a religion or a philosophy of life that spelled cheerfulness. Was it only a fair-day religion? Can it not meet its Calvary with trust? Is there no tomorrow of the ages when that character, developed through the trials of today, will mean a blessing richer to you for the buffeting? The sculptor breaks and mars the block of fair marble. That is only the apparent failure which must precede the figure of the angel.

An invalid, after many years of searching for health, lay dying in his weather-beaten tent. His violent coughing had just set in motion some delicate chimes that hung above him. As they gave forth their sweet music, he whispered, "It takes—a combination—of cough—and tottering tent—to make them ring."

We cannot all attain unto that spirit. But we should try.

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This ends our drawing-room talk. For the laboratory conversation, address a card to the secretary of your state board of health, requesting circulars on this subject.

“Life's attar of roses is as rare as it is precious, and it takes the sunshine of many summers and the braving of many thorns to produce a single drop. But that drop when produced is worth all that it costs, and the perfume of it will last forever.”

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

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